

Approved For Release 2009/08/12 : CIA-RDP05T00644R000200680024-3

*Blank Disc Group*

TRANSMITTAL SLIP		DATE
TO: [REDACTED]		STAT
ROOM NO. 348	BUILDING Old EOB	
REMARKS:  The attached is an updated list of those individuals who will be attending the 12 July meeting with the DCI. The only change is the addition of [REDACTED]  [REDACTED]		
STAT		STAT
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FROM: [REDACTED]		STAT
ROOM NO. 5E47	BUILDING Hqs	EXTENSION [REDACTED]
FORM NO. 241 1 FEB 55		REPLACES FORM 36-8 WHICH MAY BE USED.
(47)		

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25X1

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**CONTINUOUS**

3 July 1978

Executive Registry

78-191572

**MEMORANDUM FOR: Director of Central Intelligence**

25X1            ATTENTION : [REDACTED] Special Assistant to the Director of Central Intelligence

25X1            FROM : [REDACTED] Director, Equal Employment Opportunity

                  SUBJECT : DCI Conference with a Selected Group of Black Employees

In response to the Director's request I have invited the following employees to meet with the Director of Central Intelligence and the Deputy Director of Central Intelligence, in the DCI conference room, 0900, Thursday, 6 July 1978.

25x1

1

**Attachment:**

## **Selected Group of Black Employees**

### Distribution:

Original - Addressee (w/att)

25X1

1 -  (w/att)

## 1 - Executive Registry (w/att)

### 1 - QJCW Chrono (w/att)

## 1 - EEO - DCI Chrono (w/att)

25X1

DCI/EEO/

**CONFIDENTIAL**

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USE ONLY CONFIDENTIAL SECRET

## ROUTING AND RECORD SHEET

SUBJECT: (Optional)

Status of Blacks in CIA

FROM:	Director, EEO 5 E 47	EXTENSION	NO.
			DATE 5 July 1978
TO: (Officer designation, room number, and building)		RECEIVED	FORWARDED
1. [redacted] room 348			
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COMMENTS (Number each comment to show from whom to whom. Draw a line across column after each comment.)			

**SECRET**

5 July 1978

MEMORANDUM FOR: Director of Central Intelligence  
Deputy Director of Central Intelligence

25X1      FROM : [redacted]  
               Director, Equal Employment Opportunity

SUBJECT : Status of Blacks in CIA

1. Attached for your information are statistical charts which depict the status of blacks within the Central Intelligence Agency. The following is a summary of those charts.

2. Although blacks represent 7.06 percent of the total Agency population, they represent only 3.37 percent of the professional employees. Only 1.32 percent of the Agency's professionals in grades GS 12-18 are black, as compared to 4.36 percent Government-wide. The average grade of the Agency black professional is 10.34; the average grade of the Agency white professional is 12.51. Of 421 supergrades (GS 16-18), only 1 is black; of 913 GS-15 employees, four are black. The Agency has thus far in FY 1978 entered on duty 215 new employees of whom 18 (8.37%) are black (including one GS-14 and two GS-12s).

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**SECRET**

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Regardless of the success of the efforts to obtain a retraction by Bachrach or to formulate an apology (in the event the quotations are accurate), the time is right for the DCI to issue a positive statement on affirmative action. Such a statement primarily is to be directed at the black (and other minority) population in the Agency and equally at the senior and mid level managers in the Agency.

The statement should contain:

- a reaffirmation of Agency leadership's commitment to the Administration's affirmative action policy.
- a recognition that affirmative action in the Agency has not been as successful as expected, despite the few specific achievements.
- a categorical statement by the DCI that he expects all levels of supervisors in the Agency to earnestly and conscientiously carry out affirmative action in hiring, training, assigning and promoting of all agency personnel.
- an equally categorical statement that the DCI will hold supervisors responsible for any attempt not to carry out affirmative action.
- a statement that merit will continue to be the ultimate measure, but that opportunity will be given to all to test themselves against the challenges of higher and more responsible positions and jobs.

**UNCLASSIFIED**

**SECRET**

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**ROUTING AND RECORD SHEET**

SUBJECT: (Optional)

Personal Letter to the DCI regarding the 27 June Article in the Washington Post

STAT FROM:		EXTENSION	NO.	DATE	COMMENTS (Number each comment to show from whom to whom. Draw a line across column after each comment.)	
					RECEIVED	FORWARDED
1.	Director, Office of Equal Employment Opportunity, 5E47, Hqs					
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FORM  
3-62

610 USE PREVIOUS EDITIONS



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USE ONLY



UNCLASSIFIED

Dear Admiral:

The subject of this letter is the article in the 27 June 1978 edition of the Washington Post. I am a concerned black GS-15 staff employee. Although not speaking on behalf of anyone else, I'm representing one view held by many other black employees of CIA.

All Agency employees will acknowledge the probability that either you were misquoted or your remarks were taken out of context. I'm concerned that any statement you now make will not be juxtaposed to any previous statement by you which many blacks would agree has forcibly and clearly expressed your position on affirmative action within CIA.

There are about 1,100 black employees in CIA. Despite 31 years of existence, CIA has only one black supergrade, a handful of GS-15 officers and, to my knowledge, no blacks in any line command position at Headquarters. The statements as reported represent a slap in the face to all blacks in CIA. I believe that the time is right for the DCI to issue an unequivocal statement on affirmative action in CIA, a statement addressed equally to the black (and other minority) population in the Agency and to the senior and mid level managers in CIA.

I am not so presumptuous to claim to speak for the blacks in CIA. If you met with a representative group of black employees, you would receive several points of view. The predominant view, however, is that very competent blacks feel a sense of hopelessness and frustration with their career progression in CIA. They also believe that various levels of Agency management feel confident in foiling the purposes of the Agency's affirmative action program.

Please permit me to express some thoughts on what an affirmative action statement from you might contain.

- a reaffirmation of Agency leadership's commitment to a positive and effective affirmative action policy.
- a recognition that affirmative action in the Agency has had minimal success.
- a categorical statement by the DCI that he expects all levels of management in the Agency to earnestly and conscientiously carry out CIA's affirmative action program in the hiring, the training and the assigning of all Agency personnel.
- an equally categorical statement that the DCI will hold all managers responsible for any attempt to foil, frustrate, sabotage or otherwise nullify affirmative action in CIA.
- a statement that although merit will continue to be the ultimate measure for advancement within the Agency, the DCI will ensure that opportunity will be afforded to all employees to be tested by the challenges of higher and more responsible positions.

Sir, you have an opportunity, and I would believe, an obligation to make crystal clear to all CIA employees where you stand on affirmative action.

Finally, it would be quite productive if you [redacted] could find the time to meet with a representative group of black and other minority employees. The exchange of views would serve the overall interests of CIA.

STAT

Respectfully yours,

[redacted]  
Office of the  
Inspector General  
6EO8, Hqs

P.S. The views expressed above do not necessarily represent the views of the Inspector General, the Office of the Inspector General or officers in the Inspectorate Staff.

Distribution:

Original and 1 - Director of Central Intelligence  
1 - Inspector General  
1 - Director/OEEO  
1 [redacted]

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## (D)UTING AND RECORD SHEET (D)

SUBJECT: (Optional)

Personal Letter to the DCI regarding the 27 June Article in the Washington Post

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FROM:		EXTENSION	NO.	DATE	OFFICER'S INITIALS	COMMENTS (Number each comment to show from whom to whom. Draw a line across column after each comment.)	
						RECEIVED	FORWARDED
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Admiral Stansfield Turner  
 Director of Central Intelligence

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Respectfully yours,

Office of the  
Inspector General  
6E08, Hqs

P.S. The views expressed above do not necessarily represent the views of the Inspector General, the Office of the Inspector General or officers in the Inspectorate Staff.

Distribution:

Original and 1 - Director of Central Intelligence  
1 - Inspector General  
1 - Director/OEOO  
1 - [redacted]

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## The Arts / Leisure

1978

CI

# Gathering of the Greats— And Hopes of Tomorrow

The Mighty Meet 370 Young Achievers  
At the Olympus of Excellence

By Judy Bachrach

OWENSBORO, Ky.—In the middle of a corridor, in the middle of the Executive Inn Rivermont, Cloris Leachman ambushes Clark Clifford, and blushingly imparts to him her latest dream. She's thinking about going to law school.

"Do it," Clifford advises heartily. He gazes warmly down at the actress who is dressed entirely in purest white—white blouse, long white skirt—and white sneakers to match. "Do it. Even if you don't get into it, you'll never regret it."

The actress gazes back, just as warmly. "Oh I can tell. The training you receive in law—it's the warp and woof of you, isn't it?"

Clifford beams back a silent acknowledgment.

Meanwhile 20 Hopes of Tomorrow, graduating high school seniors from all over, none of them a shade over 18, surround the two stars, their eyes shining with a special fervor, their little autograph books open to a virgin page.

Thrilling to her new audience, the actress continues: "All the happy people I know are happy in the work they're doing. Like—well, like Tom Sawyer with the whitewashed fence. I'd be happy doing anything! Anything! Cleaning out toilets!"

Clifford's smile fades just a tad. "Exactly, exactly." Every day, the Establishment super lawyer says, Clark Clifford performs the most difficult chores first.

"My marriage was the most difficult problem for me," Leachman offers brightly. "I worked the hardest on that and didn't get anything else done. So—we decided to get a divorce. That helps."

The Hopes of Tomorrow look surprised. They have come to Owensboro, honor students and symbols of excellence, to hear about striving, about achievement, about inspiration from the stars. This doesn't sound too inspiring.

Clifford adopts a vague and distant look.

But the actress takes no notice. "I'm also a helper" she says, smiling steadily. "I love being helpful with people. Especially people with pimples and fat people."

Her bright blue eyes scan the young crowd. "And I can see I've got a lot of people to help here," she says merrily. "A lot of pimple people."

Twenty young faces droop in unison:

It is called The American Academy of Achievement; their 17th annual Salute to Excellence described as "A Gathering of the Greats." Debby Boone, with her newly-permed hair; Howard Jarvis, ornery papa of Proposition 13; jockey Steve Cauthen, the



Photos by Bill Luster for The Washington Post

*Among the achievers: organizer Brian Reynolds, above, and clockwise from top left, Debby Boone; Judge John Sirica; Col. Sanders; Steve Cauthen; William Webster, left, and Stansfield Turner, and Edward Asner*

new object of mini-lust among schoolgirls; editorial cartoonist Tony Auth; CIA Director Stansfield Turner; FBI Director William Webster; Col. Harland Sanders at 87; Armand Hammer, Occidental Petroleum chief; a 12-year-old genius enrolled in pre-law and pre-med at the University of Southern California; German anti-terrorist Col. Ulrich Wegener; Edward Asner, who came originally because Cloris Leachman told him to; Olivia de Havilland who arrived because Judge John Sirica asked her to; John Sirica who was there because Leon Jaworski once asked him to come; Helen Hayes, because "Brian Reynolds is a very persuasive man, as you know."

See ACHIEVE, C2, Col. 1

THE WASHINGTON POST

C 2 Tuesday, June 27, 1978

# A Gathering of the Great

ACHIEVE, From C1

All these people came to the flat town of Owensboro, Ky., for three days of inspiration. All these people and more—many of whom had never heard (as most people in this world have not) of the American Academy of Achievement, of Brian Reynolds and his Dream.

"We're the greatest secret in America," mourns Reynolds, a short pudgy man of 62 who dreamed the original Dream 17 long years ago only to get "kicked in the face," only to go "through all the sufferings." Brian Reynolds' dream, for which he went broke, "which may have killed my wife," which he conceived when he was photographer for Life magazine, and known as Hy Peskin, was simply this: "To erect a Mount Olympian Gathering of the Gods of Achievement once a year to meet the greatest young achievers of the country."

There are tears in Reynolds' eyes as he recounts the agony and the ecstasy of his dream, his plate of food untouched and growing cold. "Those young achievers," he says, referring to the 370 students gathered at the Kentucky hotel, "they will have the most inspiring, the most unforgettable moment of their lives right here.

"We will change their lives. If they live to be a hundred they'll never, never, NEVER have such an unforgettable moment. Hardly."

Reynolds swallows hard. He invited Jimmy Carter this year, but Carter did not come. Never mind. Dallas coach Tom Landry and two Nobel Prize winners happily accepted his invitation to come to Owensboro and receive an award. Why Owensboro, Ky., of all places? Because it so happens that a certain Robert E. Green owns the hotel where the Academy guests are all staying here. And Robert E. Green (who was one of the Olympian Gods of Achievement back in '68) is guaranteeing the sum of \$40,000 to the Academy this year.

So Brian Reynolds considers himself a man of achievement. "There is only one thing I haven't achieved," he says sadly. "The Window of America isn't opened on us. I mean television—network television. The Open Window which would allow 30, 40, 60 MILLION PEOPLE TO BE THRILLED OUT OF THEIR SHOES AS THEY WATCH THIS TRIBUTE TO THE GREATEST ACHIEVERS OF THE WORLD."

He swallows once more—hard. There is a long silence. When next he speaks, it is in a choked whisper, his eyes still dewy. "You see. I can't talk any more."

Stansfield Turner, one of the gods of achievement this year, is here because Judge John Sirica, one of the gods of achievement last year, asked him to come. The CIA director, seated before his beef-and-potato dinner, flashes his best Navy-recruiting smile at the three California young achievers across from him, allowing it to settle finally on a high-school graduate whose name-tag reads "Cassandra Shafer, Student Leader of the Year."

"They call you Cassie or Cassandra?" asks the CIA director. "Cassandra," the girl replies archly, "they call you Stansfield or Stan?"



Helen Hayes, by Bill Luster for The Washington Post

"Stan," replies the CIA director, clearly taken aback.

"Except his mother," offers Turner's wife, "his mother calls him Stansfield."

Judge Frank Johnson, another of this year's honorees, drops his fork to ask the girl if she realizes she is talking to the CIA director.

"Oh MY GOSH!" squeals the stricken Cassandra, appalled at her faux pas. Her tone turns conciliatory. "I always liked the CIA. Ever since I read 'Mrs. Pollifax, the Spy'."

The talk gradually turns to other things: to the concept of racial equality—Turner asks the students if they think it exists in the United States; to Judge Johnson who quotes the Rev. Jesse Jackson: "Jackson said, 'From now on, it's up to you.' I certainly agree." And finally—to the problems in black education:

"It sort of feeds on itself," says Turner. "They don't have a lot of educated people; they don't have an esteem for education; they don't have a background for it."

Cassandra's eyes search the huge

ballroom. "There certainly are very few blacks around the room," she says.

Earlier in the conversation, Turner offers the young achievers a little explanation of how the CIA works: "In addition to spying, we have to take the products of spying and understand it."

"I didn't think the head of the CIA would go around saying the word 'spy,'" marvels a young man named Brad. "It kind of has a bad connotation about it."

"I want to be a spy," says Cassandra, smiling.

"Cassandra," says the grateful Turner, "You apply to us when you graduate."

"Cassandra," says Judge Johnson, "You just wiped yourself out with that 'Stan' business."

The first night in Owensboro, right before dinner, Brian Reynolds reads the young achievers the riot act. Aside from no liquor, aside from the total segregation of the sexes with regard to hotel accommodations (Boys are not allowed on the girl's floors; or

# its Where the Mighty Meet

vice versa)—aside from all this, Reynolds told them one other thing.

Any "impertinent" questions to the honored guests, and the young achievers would be sent home on the next plane. "If you want to be Watergate reporters, move to Washington," said Reynolds.

For three days many of the students complained about these remarks. They, after all, feel that as young achievers, they should be treated with respect.

"He called us 'youngsters,'" Shanita Spencer ("Girl Student of the Year," Ralston, Neb.) reports. "It made me feel like I had no judgment. As if I wasn't old enough to have any self control. I was quite insulted."

"Youngsters," a young man from Bismarck, N.D., echoes scornfully. "They never let you forget it."

But there was more to come.

"I was just threatened with expulsion," says Michael Froomkin, a presidential scholar from Washington. He had tried, at lunch, to sit at Howard Jarvis' table, thereby stretching fire regulation capacity to beyond the allotted number. He says Reynolds shooed him away with that dire threat.

But the young achievers are enjoying themselves immensely. "All this inspiration," sighs an enchanted soul, "You can feel it dripping off the walls."

"So tell me," 1975 Nobel Peace prize winner Sean MacBride of Ireland addresses Col. Sanders' grandson, "So tell me, Harland: Suppose I manage to get the special recipe for Kentucky Fried Chicken—could I then sell it?"

Sean MacBride, the 74-year-old founder of Amnesty International, whom Yeats taught to fly a kite, who was jailed at 14, who was the IRA chief of staff in '35—has been utterly fascinated by Kentucky Fried Chicken ever since he tasted in on Friday night, his beautiful, parchment-white head bowed over a crispy brown chicken breast.

"I absolutely adore it," he announces in one of his few pleased statements in Owensboro, for he is not very happy with his fellow honorees—some of whom sound very right-wing to him.

But he does love. Col. Sanders' chicken.

"Mr. MacBride," the Colonel's grandson informs the elegant old man, "You could never duplicate our chicken. It's a patented process made with 11 herbs and spices, real eggs and not plain old flour—it's pastry flour."

"However," he says laughing, "If you want our recipe, I'll give it to you." The 46-year-old grandson who wears a gold wishbone for a necklace then proceeds to recount the Nobel Prize winner the difficult saga of the chicken business. "It hasn't been all gravy," he sums up.

The Colonel, himself, has astounded the local franchise in this town of about 50,000 by appearing personally to check up on chicken. That night hundreds of people gobble up the results under a huge tent on businessman Green's estate which bears a brick home described by one imperti-



Gen. Omar Bradley, by Bill Luster for The Washington Post

nent student as "Contemporary Civil War."

Terrifying screams erupt as one by one the stars arrive on the property: Edward Asner, Steve Cauthen, even tiny Mariel Aragon, the 12-year-old college genius who is mobbed by autograph hounds six years her senior. The little girl sighs heavily, shaking out her hand: "Writer's cramp," she explains laconically.

"Debby! Debby!" yells a sardonic Sean MacBride as a frizzy-haired woman makes her entrance. "Sing! Sing!" chants the audience.

Debby Boone shakes her head. She hasn't come prepared. The crowd is obstinate. The band strikes up, "You Light Up My Life." Debby Boone tries valiantly.

What comes out is a weak warble. The band is playing too high.

She tries again. Another warble. The band is too low.

She tries a cappella. Better, this time.

A young man raises his hand during question time.

"Yes?" she smiles encouragingly.

"Can I buy you a glass of milk later tonight?" asks the boy with a smirk.

"Impertinent!" come cries from the audience.

The business-type neo-Horatio Alger speeches: Gods of achievement stand before the students, in their sober suits, ready with "I arrived with very little personal wealth . . . Sure that

was a dirty, scruffy job with the oil refinery, but I did it with enthusiasm. I worked hard with enthusiasm. In two months I was promoted to research engineer. I never expect to take a backseat to anyone for enthusiasm in approach to a project."

Fred Hartley, head of Union Oil

of California:

"My story is really the story of America which has been told a thousand times over. I had an immigrant father from Greece who came here on the railroad and worked for 50 cents a day. . . . Some years ago I went (to Greece) to his home [and saw] a little rock house and it made me realize what one education and one generation can do because my wife and I live in a very nice house in Houston."

George Mitchell, head of Mitchell Energy and Development Corp.

"We act in California like all the fish and whales are wearing diapers, we're trying to make our water so pure—"

Fred Hartley

There are students downright angry with the businessmen. "Doesn't Hartley realize we're living in a finite universe?" demands one of them. A lot of the students shrug off the words of Kentucky's Sen. Wendell Ford ("Not many people in this country walked behind a double shovel for

50 cents a day. I took a little brown

See ACHIEVE, C3, Col. 1